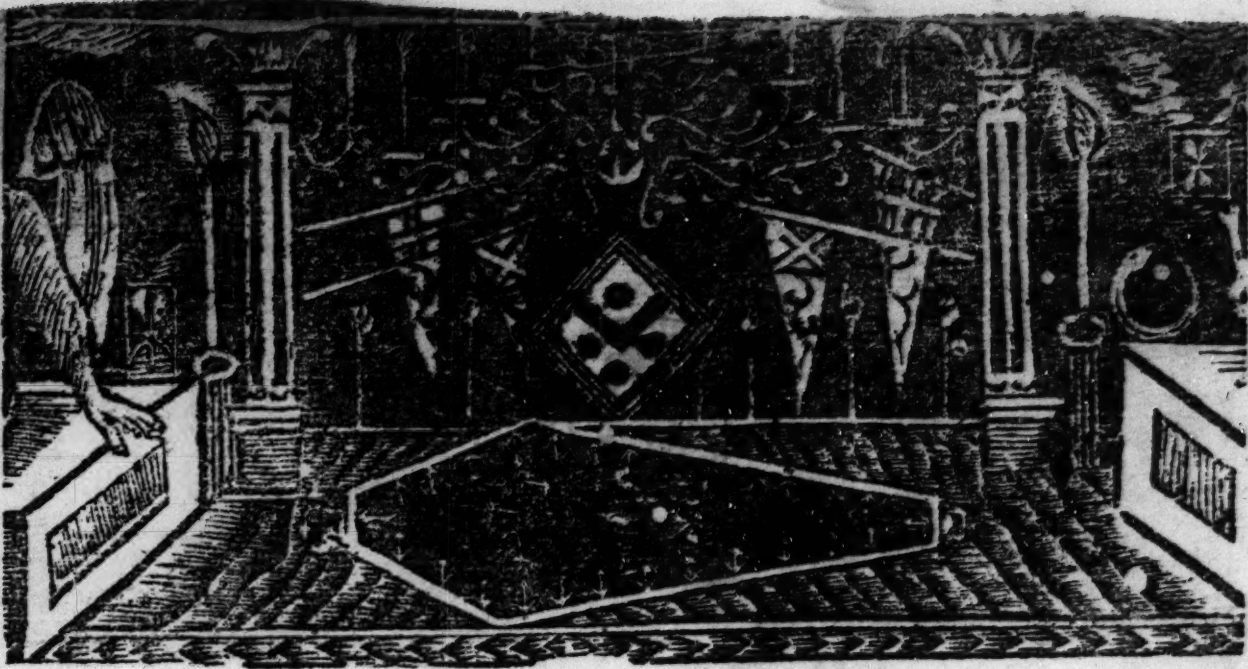




23

A N
ELEGY

On the Reverend Dean CLAYTON, who Departed this Life on Friday
the 24th Inst. Septemb. 1725. K

Mors omnibus communis est.



Rev'rend Dean, since Death has been so kind,
To sweep you off, and take you from Mankind,
The Poor Man's Purse I'm sure you'll crush no more
With Wracking Int'rest founded for that score,
And all his Riches must behind him leave,
To take the cold possession of the Grave;
His Beams and Scales were never in defect
To weigh his weighty Moydores to effect,

His hoarded Funds, he all by Int'rest got,
For which poor Men in Goal do starve and rot,
Wen e're his Fees for Burials he did want,
Which some perhaps of that was scarce and scant.
Their Clothes or Treasure, they must pledge or pawn
To make him wear fine Cirpleis made of Lawn,
His stubborn heart ne'er Mercy did extend,
Nor even show it to the dearest Friend,
If once within his Clutches e'er they came,
If Mercy sought, they ever sought in vain;
Assist my MUSE this Doctor to Expose,
And not from Mankind any Deeds disclose.
The Widows Foe, Oppressor of his Sex,
Who all he dealt with, ever did perplex.
But now he's gone from off this mortal Stage
To suffer all the Racks of endless Rage.

EPI TAPH

HERE under Lies the Doctor and his Witch,
That wrong'd the Innocent, the Poor, & Rich.
The Poor's Oppressor, and the Rich Man's Dread,
Beneath this Clod, I'm sure Lies here Interr'd.
But how he Trives, or how with him it Fares,
There's few that knows, or few I'm sure that Cares.